

SAVING THE LITTLE ONES' LIVES

PRACTICAL WORK THE BOARD OF HEALTH IS DOING.

Dr. Josephine Baker at the head of the Department Her Exhibits at the Child Welfare Show—Real Mothers' Experiences to Teach Children.

On the East Side a short time ago a realistic drama was presented to an attentive audience. The drama was shown by some of the public school children of Fifth street, and presented the story of a mother who, through the carelessness of the principal character, had lost her child. It related to the care of the child, and the principal character was a grandmother who objected to the young generation's knowledge of a subject which in her day was considered taboo.

The Little Mothers of the present day presented their case and discussed with intelligent ease the lessons they had been taught by modern science, and when grandmother was finally won over and the drama told the tumult of the child's death, the children had built their blocks of wisdom with more arduous and significance than they know.

The audience was Dr. Josephine L.

M. D. ten years before, Dr. Baker had been appointed as inspector of schools, where she gained such experience that the next step, an appointment as Commissioner's assistant, followed as matter of course.

Dr. Baker is a pretty young woman, with bright blue eyes and rosy complexion. She is very feminine in dress, manner and voice.

For each of the five boroughs of Greater New York there are officials appointed in this comparatively new department of child hygiene, but all these officials are under the superintendence of Dr. Baker, whose staff actually numbers 102 physicians and approximately the same number of nurses all told.

The twin apartments devoted to the child hygiene branch of the Department of Health are situated at the extreme end of the armory as you enter the main door. One of these represents an ideal milk station and the other has an exhibit of photographs illustrative of the different phases of this work, beginning with the first care of the baby after birth until the age of danger has been passed.

The Borough of Manhattan at the present time has thirty-one milk stations, maintained by Nathan Straus, the New York Milk Committee, the Diet Kitchen Asso-



A LITTLE MOTHER.

Cady's art is a delightfully discordant note in the symphony of dignity and realism, and being so you cannot help sympathizing with the small child who had preferred the waltzing germ to the quiescent globe.

Dr. Baker explains that the object of the milk stations is not only to destroy these germs and furnish absolutely pure milk but also to provide instructions to the mothers in regard to the care of the babies.

"It is a recognized fact," she continues, "that of ten babies who die nine are artificially fed, and while the primary cause of the establishment of the milk stations is to prevent infant mortality it is very necessary that they do not defeat their own ends by suggesting a method of providing artificial nourishment of the best kind."

"It is the enormous immigration that

made New York in 1910 spend \$300,000 on this class of work, for with the native and foreign birth rate together approximately 125,000 babies are born every year. The native birth rate is, however, on the decrease and the foreign on the increase. In well to do families up to the average number of children is two; the average of the poor families of the slums I should place at five. These facts speak for themselves.

"New York has never been big enough to assimilate the foreign population that pours into it. Before it gets ready to digest its big mouthful it takes another. But we have got to make good citizens of these children, for citizens they will be, and health is the primary requisite. Thirty thousand employment certificates are granted annually to children over 14, and this means that 30,000 children are at that time in a condition of mind and

body which warrants such affidavits, and that result is possible by preliminary work.

"The issuance of these certificates marks the final step in the care maintained by the child hygiene department over its charges. When that paper is issued to an applicant he passes practically beyond its control. It is for that reason that vigilance at this moment instead of being relaxed is increased. New York State has excellent child labor laws, and one of the functions of the division is to see that these laws are rigidly enforced and that evidences of age and education are unassailable. Physical examinations are compulsory so that the unfit may be eliminated. Economic conditions and parental greed are incentives to fraud, and protection of the child at this critical period of its life is of supreme importance. To grant 30,000 certificates means that each of these applicants has a generous amount of time and attention, and is only one of many items that go to make up the sum total of the child hygiene as this branch of the public health work the importance and extent of its activities must be evident.

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"The result of this first systematic attempt on the part of the city to prevent infant mortality was noted at the end of that summer, the four summer months showing a decrease in the deaths of babies under 2 years of 20 per cent, as compared with the previous summer. There was an actual saving of 797 lives.

"Another care of the child hygiene branch relates to the boarding of foundling children. The high mortality of babies placed in foundling asylums is too well known to need more than comment. The practice of boarding them out in private families can be made productive of the greatest benefit if this practice is carefully supervised. The division has charge of all such babies in New York city. Women cannot take babies to their homes to board unless they

COSTLY FLOWER VALENTINES

VIOLETS IN HEART SHAPED DOUQUETS ARE FAVORITES.

One Gift Carried With a Gold Dagger Piercing the Heart—Fine China Often Used—Candy Sent in Receptacles That Have Permanent Usefulness.

No one welcomes St. Valentine's day more heartily than the florists unless it is the candy dealers. The modern valentine is a far cry from the lace paper and cardboard affair. Also it costs a lot more than the old fashioned sort. The old time valentine was often a serious proposition, so serious that the sender never dreamed of enclosing his card, knowing that the recipient would have to trouble at all in guessing where it came from. The average young man sent one a year; that is, if he sent any at all. The modern way is different. Often the donor's card goes along with the valentine, and if a leading florist is to be believed, one young man will send half a dozen valentines.

This is speaking generally of course. There are exceptions, as, for instance, a young man who the other day placed an order with a florist to be delivered to a certain young woman on St. Valentine's morning by 8 o'clock. He was particular about the hour, wanting to be first in the field, he said. His valentine was to be of violets made into a heart shaped design ten inches at its widest part, pierced with a slender dagger of solid gold bought at a leading jeweller's. This was to be enclosed in a pure white satin paper box tied with four inch wide violet satin ribbon. The girl who didn't like that valentine would be hard to please, the florist admitted, even though the donor's card did go along.

Violets, he said, are a popular valentine for the reason that they are a popular corsage decoration, they mean faithfulness and it is easy to form them into a heart shaped bunch. In one case instead of sending the usual long violet pin with the flowers, the florist put in a pin supplied by the customer, made of silver topped with an enamelled cupid.

"Corsages are in the lead for valentines, next come boxes of cut flowers, preferably roses, next fancy pieces combining flowers and china or silver or gold; the latter, though, usually going to older women," said the florist.

"Some young men take the trouble to find out a girl's pet flower and won't take anything else. A ten inch across bunch of lilies of the valley is ordered for one young lady and we have orders for gardenia, camellia and orchid valentines made up in corsage size.

"Pink carnations are the favorites of one young woman who will get two dozen of the finest we can send as a valentine.

"White lilies are ordered for the valentine of a woman who is devoted to this flower, which is not easy to get at this season. I have the privilege of mixing white and pink lilies if I can't get really fine white ones."

One of the most costly valentines ordered at this store is destined for a widow. This is made of the finest specimens of orchids, the sort shading from pink to lilac. It is a three story affair standing on a base of three feet high. The lowest round contains two gilded wicker oval baskets between which rises a tall gilded rod adorned with two oblong gilded vases one above the other. Baskets and vases are lined with zinc and will hold water. When sent each receptacle will be filled with orchids and orchids will droop from one to the other, practically covering the whole frame.

Another orchid valentine is of the same order but smaller, consisting of one oval basket with a handle following its widest part and which covered with orchids as when they are sent on St. Valentine's day. The whole thing represents a valuable kind of porcelain, I understand, and the article is almost a work of art. This valentine with violets goes to a lady for a valentine.

"A silver box with a hinged cover, about eight by five inches and five inches deep, was brought in last year to be fixed up with violets for a valentine. It was intended for a jewel box, I believe.

"All sorts of vases in all sorts of shapes are used to carry the flower valentine. Some are quite small and some are large, others smaller and costing a stiff price. These as a rule go to older women. When fancy flower pieces are sent to young women the foundation is usually of fancy straw or wood.

"When a man comes in and orders a certain kind of roses and a good many of them sent to a young woman as a valentine I generally take a good look at him, for that matter, of course, I take most others indicates something really doing in the sentimental line. At other seasons to send roses to a girl doesn't mean nearly so much as when they are sent on St. Valentine's day. Roses by common consent mean love and when a man picks out the deepest pink variety in the store—well, as I said before, it usually means something doing. Send his card with it? Yes indeed."

The candy dealers too have taken to using all sorts of china receptacles filled with bonbons and candy. Some are low and flat, others two stories high, not unlike an airship, and each when divested of the candy is a pretty ornament for table or cabinet.

One variety of the two story pattern has a hollow champagne bottle poised aloft and filled with bonbons. The lower part is decorated china and the bottle is removable.

In the leading confectioners exquisite examples of Dresden and of Sevres china shaped as boats, pony carts, wheelbarrows and automobiles are included in the novel candy boxes provided for those who can pay pretty well for a valentine, and although the connection between sentiment and bric-a-brac is not very clear, at the same time this is the style of valentine the up to date girl is quite likely to prefer.

A Cure for Leprosy Announced. From Daily Consular and Trade Reports. An inmate of the leper asylum at Cocorite, Trinidad, has been declared cured and has been discharged from that institution. The patient was a West Indian coolie about 55 years of age and of good physique and average strength before going to the asylum about two years ago. He was suffering from the anesthetic form of leprosy, and about eight months ago began the so-called Naxin treatment.

At the time of entering the institution all external and other symptoms were so evident that attending physicians, who have been familiar with such cases for years, entertained no possible doubt of its being a pronounced case of leprosy. He was given an injection of Naxin for about forty weeks, when he was discharged as cured.

About twenty other cases are now being treated at the asylum, some of them showing an improved condition soon after beginning the treatment, while others indicate no marked effects. Although this asylum has been established here many years, this is the first cure reported and great interest is being manifested by the 300 patients.



INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT PREPARING MILK FOR A CHILD.

Baker, whom all the children recognized and toward whom some of their most telling speeches were directed. It was the first time, according to her own account, that Dr. Baker had left temporary for rather onerous duties to assist in the presentation of a Little Mothers drama. Last summer on one of the recreation days of the city a similar offering was presented, but of an even more realistic nature, the principal character taken by a boy of three months, who slept placidly through the tense scenes in which he was supposed to be in great pain and conscious restlessness. With this slight handicap the drama rolled on to a successful finish, the other characters, also Little Mothers, discussing the causes of the baby's untoward gestures and facial expressions, each giving an opinion based on strictly sanitary premises and all leading to a graceful and artistic finish, when one, the star performer, temporarily eclipsed by the baby's line, emerged triumphantly, holding a long pin and announced dramatically, "Here is the cause of all the trouble."

Dr. Baker, who had one of the most attractive of the exhibits at the Child Welfare Exhibit, was appointed head of the division of child hygiene in the Department of Health about two years ago. There was considerable interest displayed at the time of this addition to the department as to who would be chosen for the work, and whatever feeling there may have been at the appointment of a woman was balanced by the fact of Dr. Baker's popularity and record. A newly fledged

station and the several settlements. It has been decided that next year the city shall enter the field and \$40,000 has been appropriated to establish fifteen stations to be kept in active running order by the Department of Health. This means that they will come directly under the supervision of Dr. Baker. As auxiliary to her routine work of the department Dr. Baker gives four conferences at the exhibit and is preparing a course of fifteen lectures to be delivered at Teachers College, Columbia University.

It is a cross baby that would not be quieted by just a look about this model station. All the equipment is of white enamel. A model of the Metropolitan Insurance Building is placed in juxtaposition to a bottle of milk representing the annual consumption of this fluid by the city, both constructed to scale, and you might think all of Manhattan's population had climbed on the milk wagon.

Harrison Cady, who in the past has allowed his ontological fancy to depict the purely domestic relations of insects, fairly riots in a bewildering display of the manners and customs of germs, and in spite of himself his kindly heart has made them so attractive that one small child isled weeping away when she learns from the mouth of one of the white uniformed nurses on duty that skim milk often masquerades as cream and that germs are considerably more devilish in their propensities than Mr. Cady's pencil depicts. The particular germ that the child loved was skipping merrily on top of a white hearse and several of its confederates danced up the slippery side of a milk can. Mr.



LITTLE MOTHERS LEARNING ABOUT THE CARE OF BABIES.

HE CHUCKED HER CHIN.

Then What Happened Grandpa Deexions Will Never Know Certainly.

Grandpa Deexions felt a great desire to chuck the waitress under the chin. It was the eleventh meal with which she had served him.

She had brown hair, blue eyes, there was red in her olive cheeks, and a humorous large mouth sweetened the respectable sophistication of her countenance. Her footstep as she brought his rice pudding were not jerky lambies for nervous anaesthetics, lagging, trochees for worried spondatics; they were lithe dactyls.

With his \$1,000.50 a year from Government bonds Grandpa Deexions could not always tread up Broadway or the Fifth Avenue reaches. Emerging at dawn from the hall bedroom on Brooklyn Bridge he would go for long strolls from his yard to Erie Basin, or, firmly treading Brooklyn Bridge, descend soon into the Manhattan he saw from it. South Street and Fulton Market knew him well. A sharp sharp he sought out the marble fish gazing portals within which she had been and sang.

The first time Grandpa Deexions had sat at her table he had known that he was to do something faintly indicative of immediate admiration. The matter had worried him a good deal. He had taken some of his long walks upon it.

If he had been gifted with a ready wit he might have rendered her a tribute of words. But grandpa had never formulated an epigram in his life. Young men might have flirted with Grandpa thought of that and then he would despair that one wearing a head two feet long could not flirt the way he would. Those hairs would have been an earthquake of shy emotion.

Grandpa Well, whatever Grandpa Deexions felt was not moderation. The very idea of coquetry terrified him. He would undoubtedly be arrested and fined if he did that. Besides the time was as true as gold.

Grandpa made several visits to the veined and isolated eating place before his face asserted itself, and it occurred to him that what he had really wanted to do from the start was to chuck her under the chin with politeness under the chin. But thinking upon the consequences was

Grandpa Deexions did not believe that he would be dragged to a police court as he would if he kissed her. He would have been violently at the hands of a policeman if he chucked her chin. But he did not instantly draw in his breath and

utter a series of short, piercing screams or a long outcry similar to that made by a steam siren and serving the same purpose. Having sounded the alarm, she would slap his face as likely as not in her haste of energy, carrying away entirely his beard. He did not think she would pull his hair.

The manager would come rapidly to the table and demand explanations and there would be several minutes of horror and embarrassment. Then he would be told to leave the restaurant at once and never to come there again.

Perhaps she was not of a nervous temperament, and merely say, "Sir, how dare you?" very loud so that persons at the table would become cognizant of his misconduct and the inertia of their stares would drive him outside. Grandpa Deexions felt the desire to chuck her chin getting stronger with each visit. It may be said that he was foolish to continue to eat there, but judgment and sentiment aside, his pocketbook had a say in it. His visits continued primarily, however, because he wanted them to.

This was his eleventh sitting then, and he had fought inclination through the buckwheat cakes and oyster stew, but as the rice pudding came swift on her dainty fingers Grandpa Deexions felt that he was foolish to continue to eat there, but judgment and sentiment aside, his pocketbook had a say in it. His visits continued primarily, however, because he wanted them to.

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None came. Instead Grandpa Deexions felt a sticky trickle. It was the rice pudding anointing him Aaron fashion, and not alone his beard. At the same instant a contrite voice said:

"Oh, pardon me; I'll get you another order right away."

Grandpa Deexions found voice hurriedly to decline, and depositing his customary nickel by his plate he rushed forth. Just what had happened? He felt he would never know.

Mrs. Jenkins a Veteran Deer Hunter. From the Kennel Journal. Mrs. Walter Jenkins of Portland is a woman to whom the lure of the Maine woods is strong. She has just returned from her twenty-third season in the autumn forest, with a record of twenty-eight deer to her credit. Mrs. Jenkins shot her first deer when a girl of 15 while in the woods in search of partridge in her home town of Gilead.

Mrs. Jenkins during her twenty-three years of hunting experience has tried many varieties of hunting costumes and has finally settled upon what she deems the most practical. She wears in the woods a stout gray sweater, a pair of very full bloomers, the stout hunter's stockings and shoes similar in shape to a moccasin and waterproof, with top of skin and vamp and soles of heavy rubber.

WAITING ON THE TICKET LINE.

Some Incidents of a Six Hour Vigil on Broadway.

According to Francis's own account he cannot see a weathercock these days without wanting to climb up a nearby roof and give the flighty bird a piece of his mind.

Francis is an office boy employed in one of the big buildings uptown and his employer said to him the other day, handing him a \$5 bill:

"You get up early to-morrow morning, Frank, and inch your way along to the Chantecler ticket shop. Get me two aisles, not too near the fountains."

Francis obeyed the call of the alarm clock and long before dawn was on his way toward the Knickerbocker Theatre.

The streets were practically deserted, the cars moving along under the guidance of tired conductors and motormen, when Francis, arriving from Seventy-eighth street and Avenue A, came in sight of his destination. His intention had been to lean his tired brow on the edge of the ticket office window and as soon as it was opened get his coupons and hasten away.

The only thing that interfered with this dream was the fact that there were just fifty people ahead of him when he turned from the obscurity of the side

street into Broadway at 4:30. The first three places were preempted by a trio of young girls chewing gum and looking so fresh and fair that Frank muttered to himself, "Chorus." He was glad when he saw those fifty superfluous people that he had put four rolls in his pocket.

Francis walked along the line, thinking somebody might be asleep and he could slip in between. He concluded not to make the attempt when one of the queue looked threateningly and said: "Look 'ere, cub, if you wanten live yer go back o' the line."

There were all sorts of dopes there. Messenger boys and shabby looking coves, and well dressed women, boys like himself and just people. There wasn't much talking, for everybody was tired and sleepy and only a growl broke the silence.

At 6:30 several messenger boys came and relieved their comrades, who went to breakfast and came back refreshed. Francis sold one of his three remaining rolls for 25 cents to a young girl who said she was afraid she wouldn't be able to hold out.

Some speculators came along after this and offered the messenger boys money to buy extra tickets.

"Some of them were, wise enough to refuse, for no tickets were sold to messenger boys for just that reason and all the

boys that accepted the money had to give it back. A 'spec' loped up to me, but I turned him down quick," said Francis.

At 8 o'clock the line was nearly to Fifth Avenue, so it was reported. Women who had hired the boys to take their places commenced to come and business men also, on their way downtown, took possession of the spots here and there held by other boys. At half past 8 Francis's feet commenced to weigh heavily; his toes felt numb and he thought bitterly on the selfishness of the pleasure seeking world.

At 9 o'clock he ate his last roll. From half past 9 on Francis remembered everything very indistinctly. Little by little he edged his way along, obeying the prods of the policeman who marched alongside now and then and made a feint of keeping order. It was 10:45 when his turn was reached and when he thrust his money over the sill he could only articulate "necher." His ten dollar bill would have been refused even then if the thoughtfulness of his boss had not provided him with a card to the box office man, whom he knew.

"Took me for a speculator," said Frank. "Do you think I looked it then?" "Afterward? I went home and stayed in bed the rest of the day."

"The boss said: 'Quite a line, wasn't there, Frank?' He gave me a dime."

FOR BALKY ELEVATORS.

It Is Possible to Get Them Repaired Now at Any Hour, Day or Night.

Elevators are placed in practically all the costly private houses built nowadays, as they have been also in some of the older houses. In New York there are probably a thousand private houses equipped with an elevator, and one company that builds and installs all sorts of elevators has on its inspection lists five hundred or more private house elevators which it inspects regularly.

These private house elevators make so many to be added to the thousands of elevators now in use in office and apartment buildings and many other buildings of various sorts, all requiring care and attention and needing, it may be, special prompt attention if they should get out of order.

In all the greater buildings using elevators there would be found on the mechanical staff a man quite competent to deal with them in any ordinary, or it might be in an extraordinary emergency, quite able to set a balky elevator running; but in thousands of other buildings outside expert help is required and then the elevator people are called in.

With the great number of elevators now in use in public, semi-public and private buildings, and their use in many cases by night as well as by day, there has come need for night as well as for day repairs, to be going promptly for elevators used at night and to make ready others used by day, with the result that elevator repair work is now carried on not only in the usual hours of labor, through the day, but at all hours of various occupations in the city, at all hours. In an emergency you can get an elevator fixed nowadays at any hour in the twenty-four.

At the elevator company's repair shops there is always somebody to answer the telephone day and night, and by day there are always men ready to go out. At night there are about thirty men, the employ of the company, men living in various parts of the city and with telephone connections, who are subject to call.

You simply telephone to the repair headquarters and it does the rest; it calls on the man nearest you and gets him on the job. You can call up if you want to at 1:30 P. M. or at 2:30 A. M. or at any other hour and a man will come. He may get to you in half an hour, or in an hour or two at the furthest, depending on what the job is and where you live, but in the day, you do not have to wait long for the elevator repair department is ready for business day or night. It answers night calls not in the city alone; it gets men started promptly for work to be done at points anywhere within a radius of twenty miles.



THE CHANTECLER LINE.